

Handwritten: 1685

Catch that Catch can :
OR, THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
Musical Companion ;
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
New CATCHES, SONGS, and GLEES,
Never printed before.



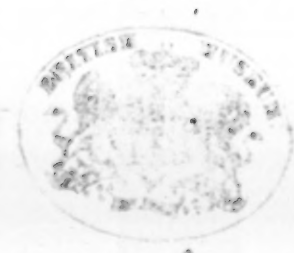
L O N D O N,
Printed by J. P. for John Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church, 1685.

THE GREAT BRITISH

OR THE

THE GREAT BRITISH

THE GREAT BRITISH



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To all LOVERS of MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,



N my Preface before the *Fifth Book of Ayres and Songs* lately published, I gave several Reasons for my Resolution of forbearing for the future to make any more Collections of that nature, leaving it to my Son, and Mr. Carr's Son; but having for some years past gathered into one Book divers new Catches, Songs, and Gleees, much like those in my *Musical Companion*, which I did only to recreate my self with my Musical Friends, I am prevailed with at their request (and for common benefit) to make them public; and because of their Similitude, give them the Title of the *Second Part* of the *Musical Companion*. The *First Part* contains about 100 Rounds and Catches, 6 Dialogues, 33 Ayres and Songs for two Voices, 60 choice Ayres, Songs, and Gleees for three Voices, and 12 Ayres and Songs for four Voices. This *Second Part* contains 70 new Catches and Songs for two, three, and four Voices, many of them were printed from the Authors own Copies, and the rest from the truest Copies I could procure; however it is probable, that by often transcribing some Errors may have crept in, which has occasion'd me to print a smaller number than usual, thereby to make way for a second and more correct Impression, hoping such Gentlemen as find any Errors will be so kind as to rectifie them, by sending me some truer Copies. Some faults there are in the words, which an intelligent Musical Reader will easily perceive, and mend with a Pen. I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your Servant,

J. PLAYFORD.

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OH the bonny Christchurch Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; they sound so



woundy great, so wond'rous sweet, and they trowl so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly :

:S:



Oh the first and second Bell, that e-ve-ry day at Four and Ten, cries,



Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virger troops before the Dean :



Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the small Bell at Nine, to call the Beerers home, but the



Dev'l a Man will leave his Can, 'till he hears the mighty *Tom*.

Other words to the same Tune.

(*Moll, Kate, and Sue ;*
Hark the merry *Tinker's* crew, *Nell, Doll,*
 They swig such wond'rous Ale,
 So woundy stale,
 And they Chat so merrily, merrily.
 Hark, the bawling Brats do cry,
 Along the Streets as you pass by,

Oh, good Sir, pray Sir, one Farthing,
 And thus the Bantlins never lin:
 Tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, goes the Fryingpan,
 But the Dev'l a Jade (to call the *Doxie's* hom,
 Will leave her Trade,
 'Till the mighty *Tinker's* come.

2



Here's that will challenge all the Fair, come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my



Bur-ga-my Pears; here's the Whore of Ba-by-lon, the Devil and the Pope, the



Girl is just a go-ing on the Rope: Here's Di-ves and La-za-rus,



and the World's Cre-a-tion, here's the Dutch Woman, the like's not in the Nation;



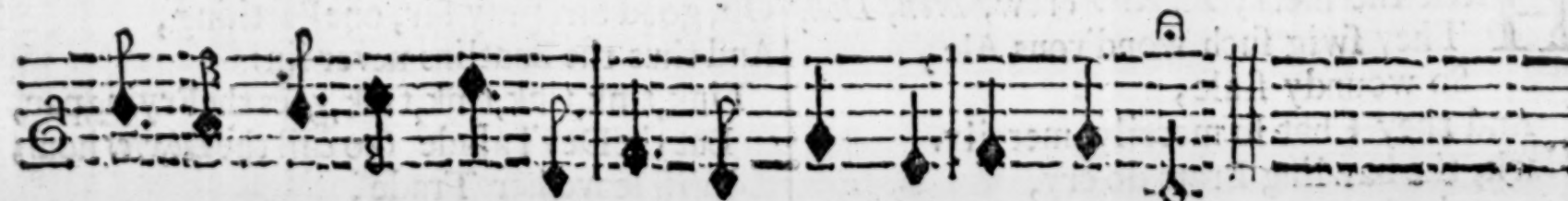
here's the Booth where the tall Dutch Maid is, here are Bears that dance like



a-ny Ladies. To-ta, to-ta, tot, goes the lit-tle Pe-ny Trumpet,



here's your Ja-cob Hall that can jump it, jump it; sound Trumpet, sound, a



sil-ver Spoon and Fork, come here's your dain-ty Pig and Pork.



John ask'd his Land-la-dy, think-ing no ill, where he might best set up



a Wa-ter-Mill; the wan-ton La-dy see-ing John all a-lone, re-



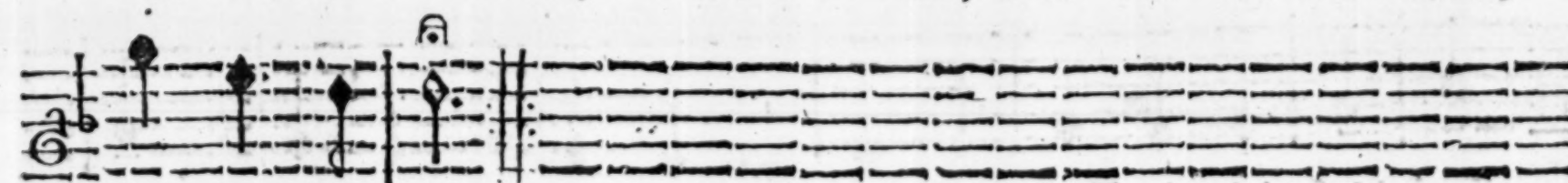
tur-ned her Answer to her Servant John: Would'st thou all o-thers thy



Mill should disgrace? Then be-twixt my Legs will be the fit-test place;



for I in time of need, can from be-hind, when Wa-ter fails before,



supply't with Wind.

4



Tom Jol—ly's Nose I mean to a-buse, thy Jol—ly Nose Tom pro-



vokes my Muse; thy Nose jol—ly Tom that shines so bright, Ple ea—si—ly



fol-low it by its own light: Thy Nose Tom Jol—ly no Jest it will



bear, although it yields Mat-ter enough, and to spare; but jol—ly Tom's



Nose, for all he can do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too.



Tom's Nose, jol—ly Tom's Nose, the more it is bat-ter'd, the more it



glows: Then drink to Tom Jol—ly a coo—ling Glass, or jol—ly Tom's



Nose will fire his Face.



Although jol—ly Tom great Fame thou hast won, thy bloo—dy red



Nose shall look pa—ler e're long; for the rate that we drink at each



night, still procures such No—ses as would quite discountenance yours: And



when the large Bum—per floats round in the close, we'll despise thee, and



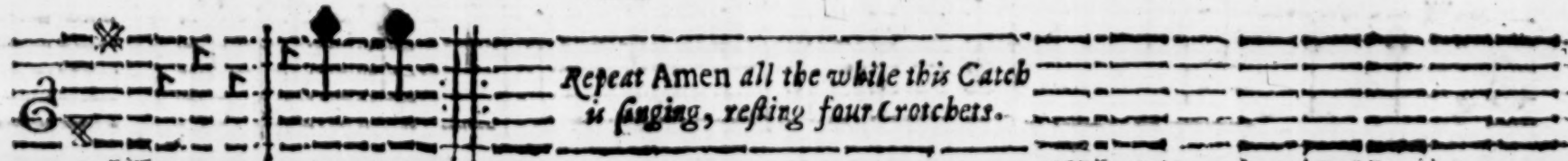
swear, 'tis mine Arse of a Nose.



GOD preserve his Ma—je—sty, and for e—ver send him Vi—cto—ry,



and con—found all his E—ne—mies, drink off your Wine Sir.



Repeat Amen all the while this Catch
is singing, resting four Crotchets.

A—men.

7



Joan has been gal-lop-ping, gal-lop-ping, gal-lop-ping, Joan has been
:S:



gallopping all the Town o're; 'till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, that



'till her Bum-fid-dle was wonderous fore; without e're a Sad-dle up-



on her old Jade, to fetch her good Man from the Alehouse trade.

A. 3 Voc.

[Second Part of Galloping Joan.]

Mr. Lenton.

8



This gallopping, gallopping Joan, I conclude, has an Instrument fucks, fucks more
:S:



than Leech or Pump: She at pre-sent, poor Girl, has no time to be lewd, for



her Buttocks are so fore she cannot jump; but how-e-ver you may tickle her



Vir-gi-nal Rump, for plain-ly I see with your Mouth how you mump.

A. 4 Voc.

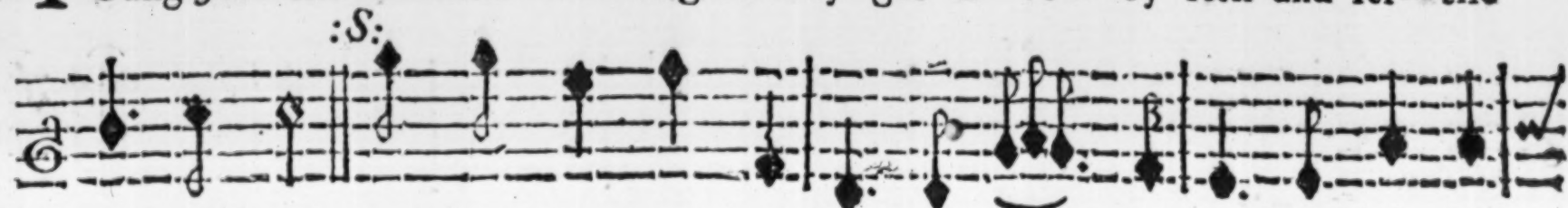
[Young John the Gardiner.]

Mr. Hen. Purcell.

9



Y Oung John the Gard'ner ha--ving late--ly got a ve---ry rich and fer--tile



Garden Plot; bragging to Joan, quoth he, so rich a Ground for Mellons



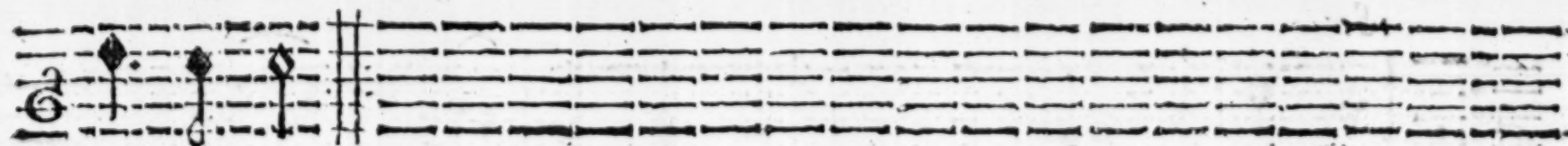
can--not in the World be found: That's a damn'd lye, quoth Joan, for I can



tell, a place that does your Gar-den far ex---cell: Where's that? says



John, in mine Arse, quoth Joan, for there is store of Dung and Wa---ter



all the year.

A. 4 Voc.

:S:

[Jumping Joan.]

10



J Oan, Joan, for your part, you love kissing with all your Heart; by my Troth



do I, says jum--ping Joan, and therefore to you I make my mean.

A. 3 Voc.

[Kind Jenny.]

Dr. John Blow.

11



I'll tell my Mo-ther my Jen---ny cries, and then a poor languishing



Lo--ver dies; but e'ye faith I be-lieve the Gip--sey lies, for all she



looks so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be



tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.

A. 3 Voc.

[The Maid with a Basket.]

Mr. William Turner.

12



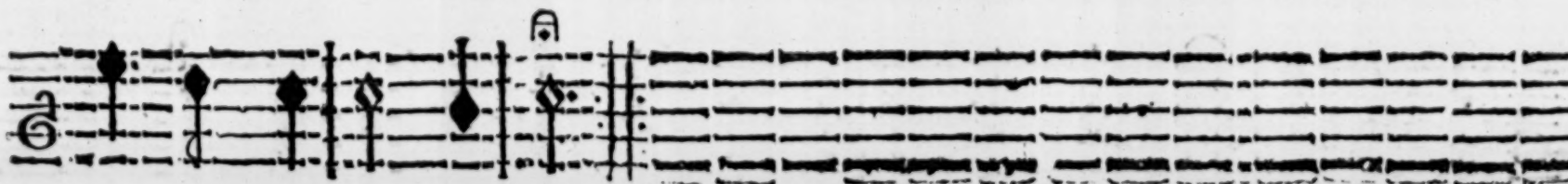
Once I did see a Maid with a Bas--ket hanging dangling on her
:S:



Arm; she lay down as soon as I ask'd it, and rose a--gain without



hurt or pain: And trip'd it mer--ri--ly, and trip'd it mer--ri--ly, mer--ri--ly,



mer--ri--ly o're the Plain.

A. 4 Voc.

[A Farewel to Wives.]

Mr. Mich. Wise.



Once in our lives let us drink to our Wives, tho' the num--ber of them



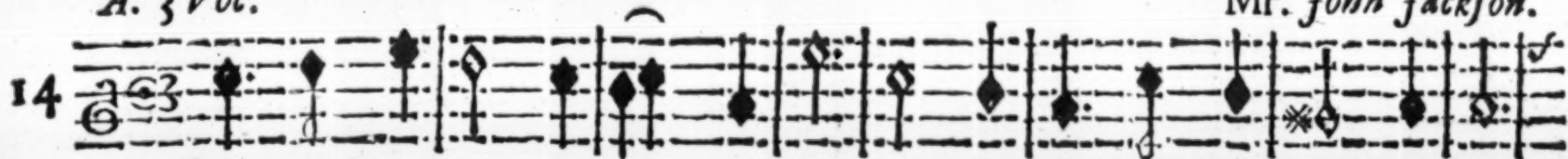
is but small; God take the best, and the Dev'l take the rest, and



so we shall be rid of 'em all.

A. 3 Voc.

Mr. John Jackson.



AS I went o---ver Taw---ny Marsh, there I met with a taw---ny Lads;



taw---ny Hose, and taw---ny Shoon, taw---ny Pet---ti---coat, tawny Gown; tawny



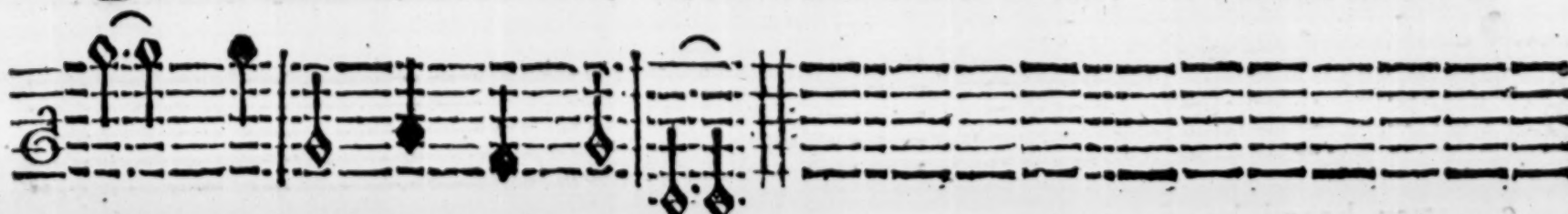
Brows, and tawny Face, thy taw---ny Nose in her taw---ny Arse.

A. 4 Voc.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



TIS Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us sad; 'tis Sadness makes us

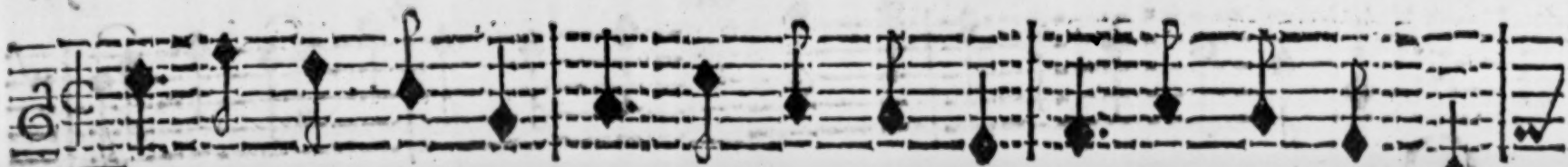


drink, and drinking makes us mad.

A. 3 Voc.

[A scolding Catch.]

16



FY nay, pre-thee *John*, do not quar--rel man, let's be mer--ry, and
:S:



drink a--bout; you are a Rogue, you cheated me, I'll prove before this Company,



I care not a Farthing for all you are so stout: Sir, you lye, I scorn your words, or



a--ny Man that wears a Sword, for all you huff, who cares a Turd, or



who cares for you.

A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch on Mum Saint.]

Mr. Mich. Wise.

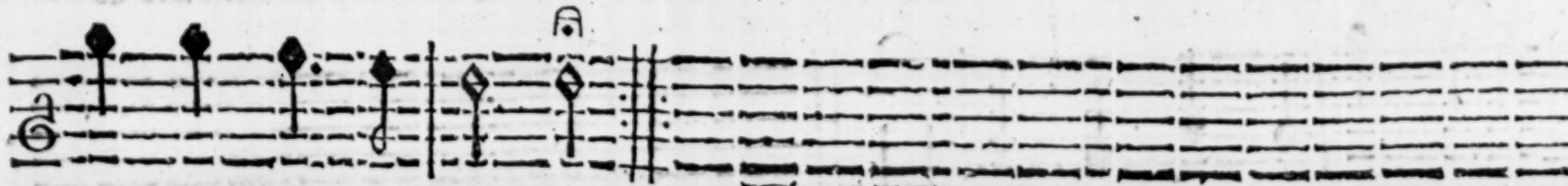
17



STrange News from the *Rose* Boys, ne--ver heard be--fore Boys; Saint upon a

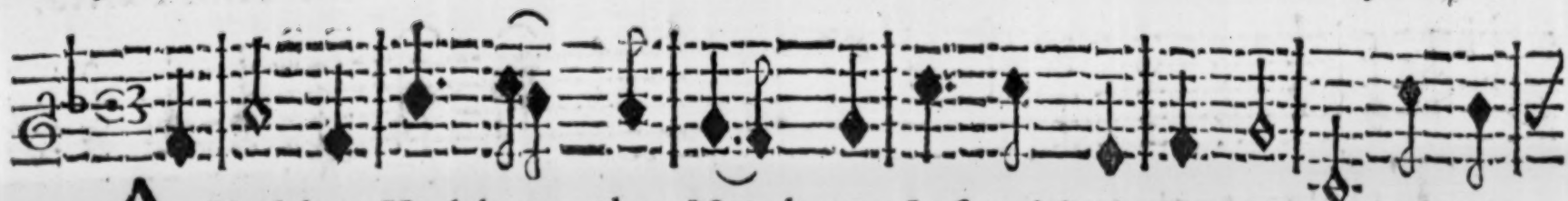


Sun--day he play'd a--way his Clothes Boys, ne--ver such a Saint was there



e--ver heard be--fore Boys.

18



A Health, a Health to the Nut-brown Lads, with the Ha-zle Eyes; she that

:S:



has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, let it pass, let it pass: As much to the



live-li-er Gray, they're as good by night as day; she that has good Eyes, has



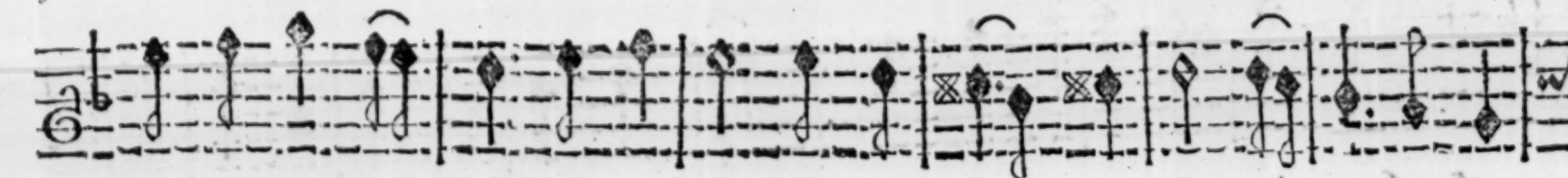
al-fo good Thighs, drink a-way, drink away: I'll pledge, Sir, I'll pledge, what



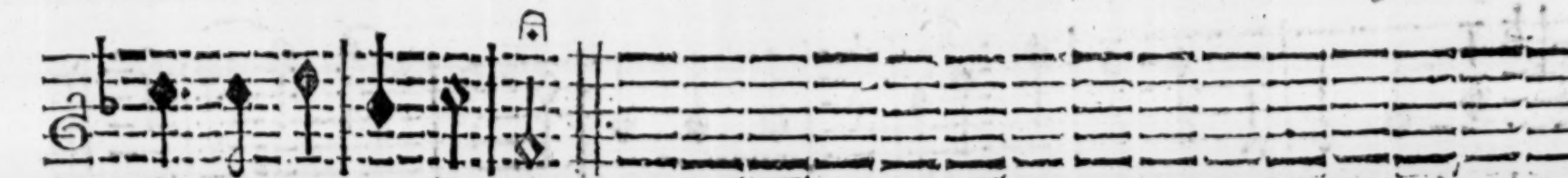
ho! some Wine, here! some Wine; to mine, and to thine; to thine, and to



mine; the Colours are Divine: But Oh! the Black Eyes, the Black, give me as



much a-gain, and let it be Sack; She that has good Eyes, has al-fo good



Thighs, and a better knack.

A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Hen. Purcell.



TO thee, to thee, and to a Maid that kindly will up—on her back be
:S:



laid; and laugh, and sing, and kifs, and play, and wan—ton, wan—ton



out a Sum—mers day: Such, such a Lafs, kind Friends, and drinking,



give me, great *Jove*, and damn, and damn the thinking.

A. 4 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Robert Smith.



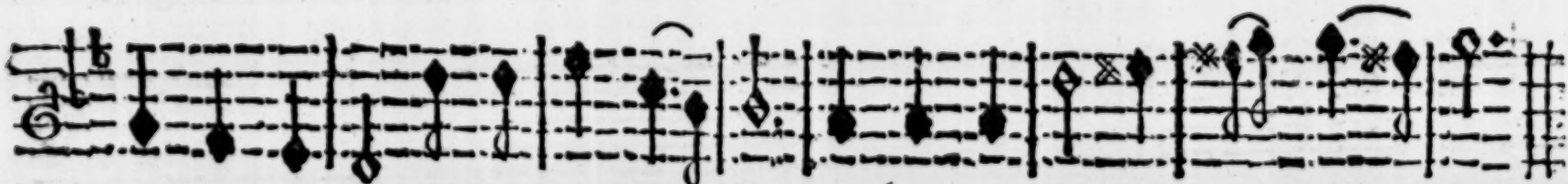
HAve you not in a Chimney seen, a Fa—got that is moyst and green,
:S:



how it doth weep, and with its Tears, sends its Complaint un—to our Ears?



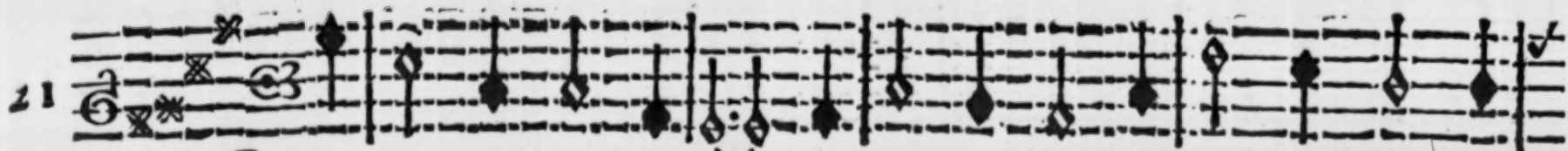
So fares it with a ten—der Maid, when first up—on her Back she's laid:



but dry Wood, like the experienc'd Dame, cracks and re—joy—ces in the Flame.

, Voc.

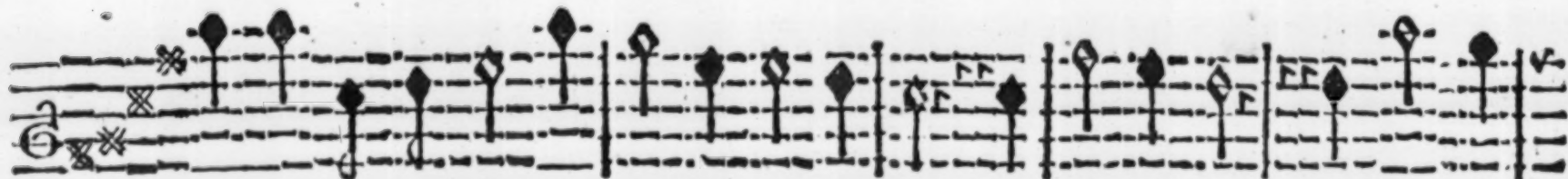
[A true Catch.]



Let's live good honest Lives, and make much of our Wives; and since all
:S:



Flesh is Grass, let's mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly drink our Glafs: God



blefs our noble King, what need we fear the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the



Pope, the Pope, the Je-suits, Jews, or Turks? For we de-fie the Devil,



the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, and all his Works.

A. 3 Voc.

[A right Catch.]



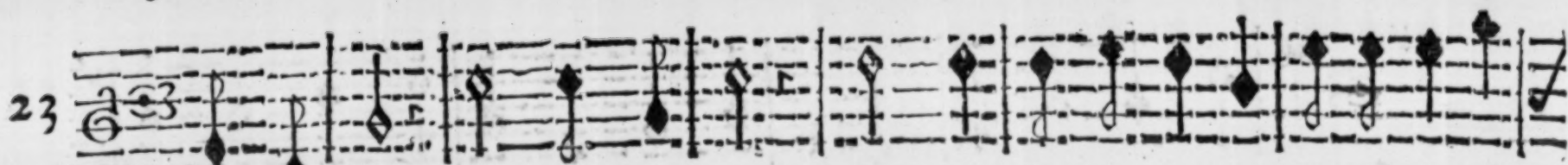
THere are a crew of Rogues infect the Town, would undermine the Crown, the



Whigs, the Whigs, the Whigs, the Whigs I mean; let all true Britains sing, They



may be hang'd, may be hang'd, may be hang'd, may be hang'd, and so God save the King.



Who comes there? stand; who comes there? stand, and come before the Constable, we'l



know what you are; what makes you out so late? says the Mid-night



Ma-gi-strate, with a Nod-dle full of Ale, in a woo-den Chair of



State. Whence come you, Sir? and whither do you go? you may be, Sir, a



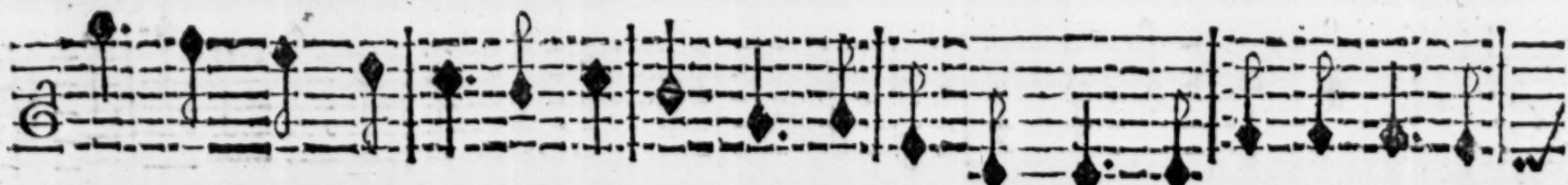
Je--su--it for ought I know: You may as well Sir take me for a Ma-



ho---me---tan. He speaks La-tin, se-cure him, he's a dan-ge-rous Man. To



tell you the truth, Sir, I am an ho-nest To---ry; but here's a Crown to



drink, and there's an end of the sto---ry. Good morrow Sir, a ci-vil Man is

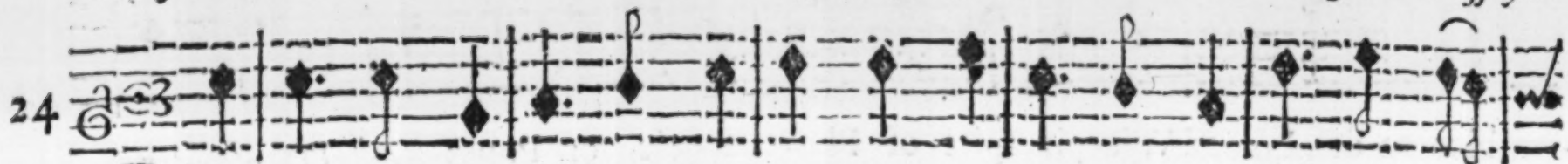


al-ways wel-com; go Bar-na-by Bounce, light the Gentleman home.

A. 3 Voc.

[The honest Royalist.]

Mr. John Roffey.



Come, here's to the Man that lives qui-et, and follows his own Oc-cu-



pa-tion; that fau-ci-ly dares not to fly at the fet-led e-state of the

:S:



Nation: That ne-ver in Faction took pleasure, nor sign'd a fe-di-tious Pe-



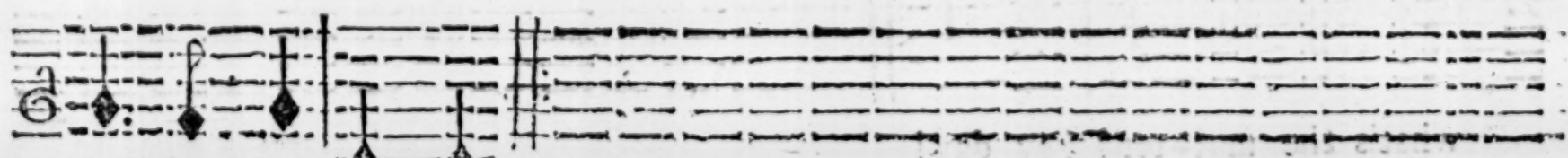
ti-tion; whose Re-li-gion no Int'-rest doth measure, whose Heart ne're com-



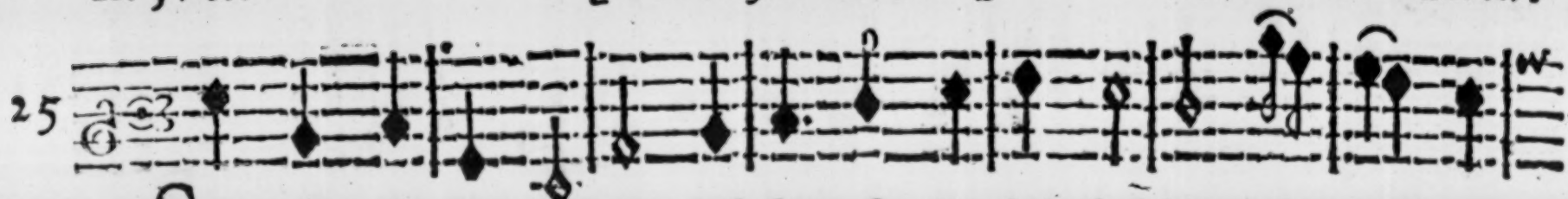
mit-ted mis-pri-sion; but boldly dares own himself Loy-al to ev'-ry Pha-



na-ti-cal Rumper, and to all the Fa-mi-ly Royal most free-ly will



take off his Bumper.



Some say the Plot goes on, and some for Re-bel-lion hope; but we'll com-
:S:



bine to drink good Wine, in spite of Pha--na--tic or Pope: Jack Pres--by--ter



huffs and dings, and Dirt on the Church he flings; the Ci--ti--zens swear they



want but a May'r, to make them do won-de-rous things. But a Curse on all



Knaves and Fools, sure we are not all such Owls; that twice in an Age they can



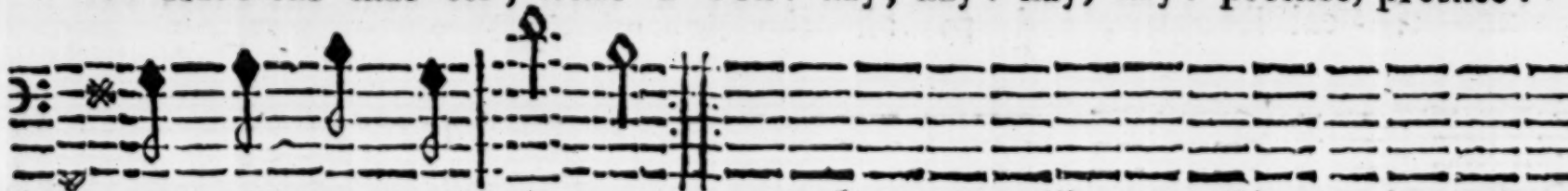
e--ver en-gage the Na--tion to damn their Souls.

A. 5 Voc.

[A small Quarrel.]



W Hat's the mat-ter, what a Pox? nay, nay! nay, nay! prethee, prethee!



what's the mat-ter? hey day!

A. 4 Voc.

[A Catch on a Horfe.]

Mr. Hen. Purcell.



TIS ea-sie to force to the Wa-ter your Horfe, but when h'as once had his
:S:



Dose, he'l no more drench his Nose; that the Creature thus wise is, from



hence it a--ri--ses, he finds his chill Fuddle meer E-le-ment and Puddle: Let the



Tip-ple be Wine, if the Horfe proves not Swine, and drink all he's an



Afs, tho' the Thames was his Glas; Grea-ter Man on some strand more cu-



ragious should stand, and quaff, and quaff Seas in a hand.

A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Lenton.



LET us love and drink our Li-quer, we shall spend our Means the quicker,



here's to thee kind Friend a Nic-ker.

A. 3 Voc.

[Judith and Holifernes.]

Mr. Mich. Wise.



When Judith approach'd Ho-li-fer-nes in bed, she pull'd out his Falchion, and



cut off his Head; the rea-son is plain, he'd have made her his Whore, so she

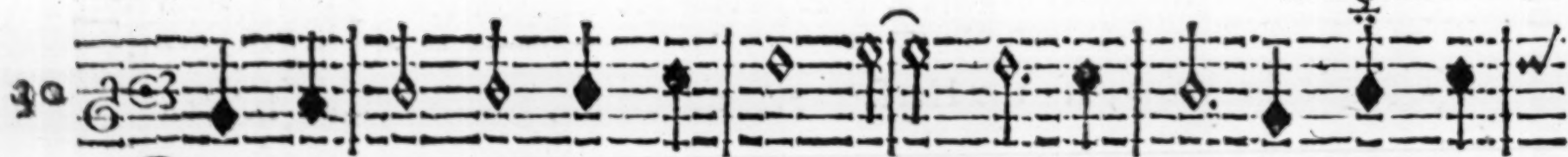


cut off his Head as I told you be-fore, as I told you before.

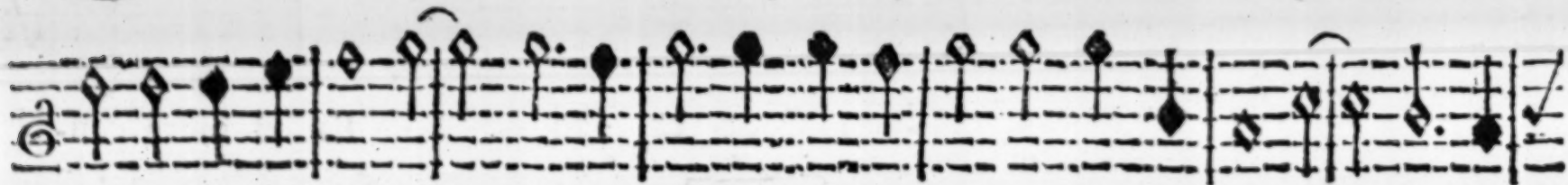
A. 4 Voc.

[The Thatcher.]

Mr. John Moss.



Quoth the Thatcher to his Man, Jack, what dost think? Let's raise this



Ladder if we can, but first let's drink: No man can do more than a can, that's ve-ry



plain; a Can may do's much as a Man, that's right again.

A. 4 Voc. [An EPITAPH on an honest Citizen,
and true Friend to all Claret-drinkers.] Mr. William Turner.



Here li-eth Sy-mon cold as Clay, who whil'st he liv'd, cry'd, who whil'st he liv'd,



cry'd, *Tip a-way*; and when Death puts out his *Ta-per*, he needeth no touch, he



needeth no *Touch up---on a Pa-per*. Now let him rest, since he is dead, and



asks not for a bit, and asks not for a bit of *Bread*, before he dy'd, and



that is much, for Death gave him, for Death gave him a *Ra---cey Touch*.

*Now though this Epitaph was long since given,
Yet he's no more dead than any Man living.*

A. 4 Voc.

[A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby Lubbers.]

Dr. John Blow.



UD S nigs! here ligs *John Diggs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to say the truth, to



say the truth, none knew which was the bigger; they fared well, and li-ved easie, and



now they're dead, and now they're dead, and now they're dead, and shall please ye.

A. 4 Voc.

[A Councel for Married Folks.]

Mr. Mich. Wife.



From twenty to thirty good night and good morrow; from thir-ty to



for-ty good night or good morrow; from for-ty to fif-ty, as oft as ye



shift ye; from thence to threescore, once a Month and no more.

A. 3 Voc.

[The Scolding Wife.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



MY Wife has a Tongue as good as e're twang'd, at ev'ry word she



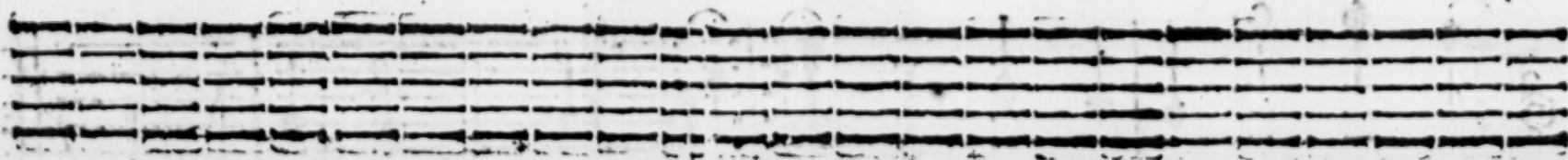
bids me be hang'd: She's ug-ly, she's old, and a cur-fed scold, with a

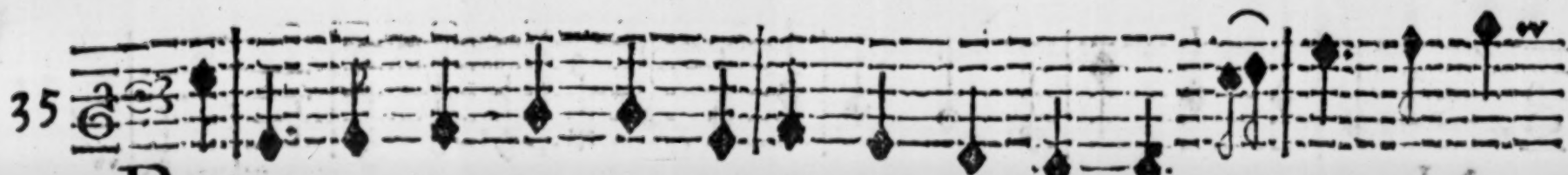


dam-na-ble Nun-quam sa-tis; for her Tongue and her Tail, if e-ver they



fail, the De-vil shall have her gra-tis.





Befs black as a Char-coal, was found in a dark hole, with Kit at the



Cat and the Fid-dle; but what they did there, none safe-ly can swear, yet



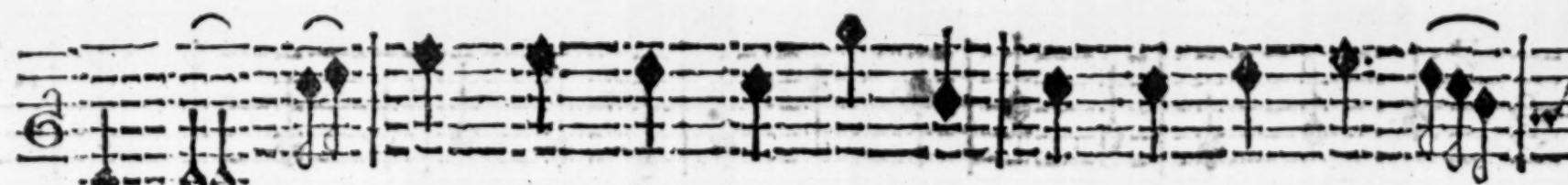
Gen-tle-men rid-dle my Rid-dle. Troth, I would be loth, were I



pat to my Oath, to swear Kit with Befs did en-gen-der; yet it would



tempt a Man, bri-dle all that he can, his pre-sent well-wish-es to



ten-der. But 'twas found at last, ere a Twelve-month was past, that



Chri-sto-pher Befs had o'remaster'd; for betwixt ei-ther Thigh he had



quarter'd so nigh, she brought him a jol-ly brown Ba-stard.

A. 3 Voc. [A Catch made in the time of Parliament, 1676.] Mr. Henry Purcell.



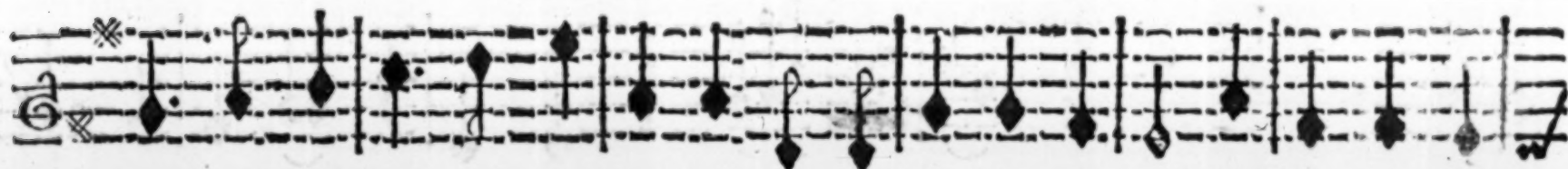
NOW *England's* great Council's assembled, to make Laws for all *English-born*



Free-men; since 'tis dang'rous to prate of matters of State, let's handle our



Wine, and our Wo-men: Let's drink to the Se-nates best Thoughts, for the



good of the King and the Nation; may they dig on the Spot as deep for the



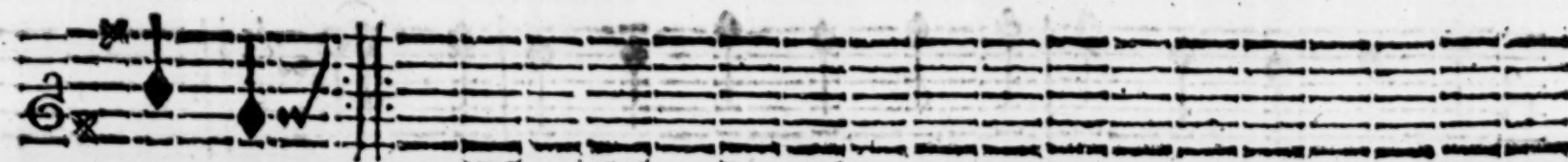
Plot, as the Je-suits have laid the Foun-da-tion. A Pox of all



Zea-lots and Fool, and each fil---ly Pro-te---stant ha---ter; bet---ter



turn Cat in Pan, and live like a Man, than be hang'd and dye like a



Traytor.



Let the grave Folks go Preach, that our Lives are bat short, and tell us much



Wine speedy Death does in--vite; but we'll be re--veng'd before-hand with them



for't, and crowd a Life's Mirth in the space of a Night: Then stand all about with your



Glas--ses full Crown'd, 'till ev'---ry thing else to our Posture do grow; 'till our



Cups and our Heads, and the whole House go round, and the Celler become where the




Chamber is now. The Sun in the Rays of his rich Mor--ning Gown, shall be



Rivall'd by Fa--ces as bright as his own; and wonder that Mortals can



fud--dle a--way more Wine in a night, than he Wa--ter i'th' day.

38 

Since the Duke is return'd, we'l damn all the Whigs, and let them be



hang'd for Po--li--tic Prigs; both Pres-by--ter Jack, and all the whole Crew, that
:S:



late--ly de--sign'd for--ty one to re-new: Make room for the Man that



ne--ver deny'd, to God save the King and Duke, they reply'd; whose Loy--al--ty



e--ver was fix'd with that Zeal, of vo--ting down Schisme, and proud Common-



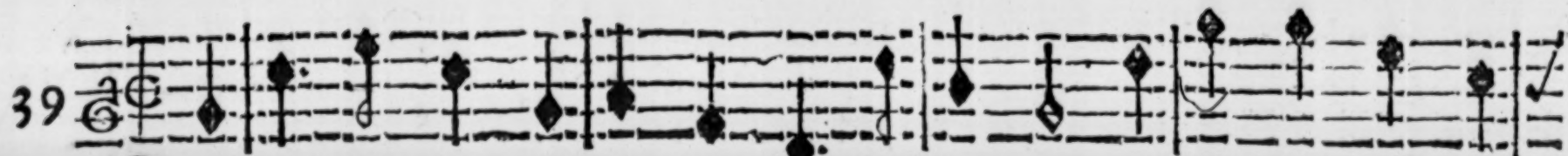
weal. Then bring up a Pot--tle, we'l Huz--za the Glas, and drink off a



Bot--tle each Man in his place; 'tis a Health to the Duke boy, give me my



mea--sure, the ful--ler the Glas is, the grea--ter the Pleasure.



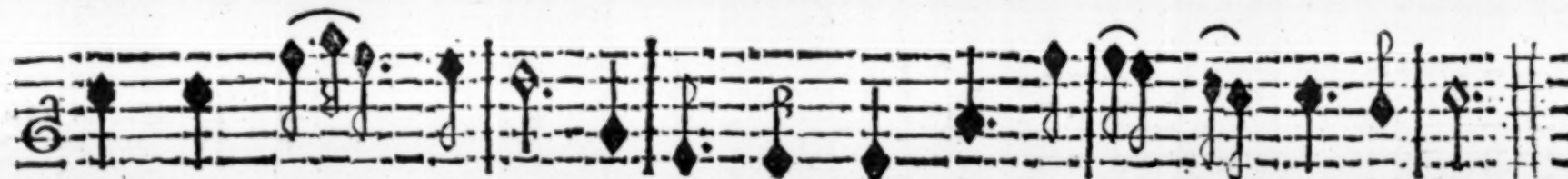
GOD save our Sov'raign *Charles*, our Faith's De-fen-der, let all good Men his



Laws and Honour ten-der; protect Queen *Cath'rine*, *England's* nursing Mother, pre-



serve *York's* Duke, our King's Il-lu-strious Brother: Who to his pi-ous



Votes de-nies his Hand, I pray for him too, but wish him out o'th' Land.

A. 3 Voc.

[In praise of Mum.]

Dr. Hen. Aldridge.



There's an odd sort of Li-quer new come from *Hamborough*, 'twill stitch a whole
:S:



Wapentake thorough and thorough; 'tis yellow, and likewise as bit-ter as



Gall, and as strong as six Horses, Coach and all: As I told you, 'twill make you as



drunk as a Drum; you'd fain know the name on't, but for that my friend M U M.

A. 4 Voc. [A Catch on Tobacco, to be sung by 4 Men smoking Pipes.] Dr. H. Aldridge.



Good, good in--deed, the Herb's good Weed, fill thy Pipe *Will*, and I,



pre--thee *Sam* fill, for sure we may smoak, and yet sing still,



and yet sing still. What say the Learned? What say the Learned?



Vi--ta fumus, vi--ta fu--mus; 'tis what you and I, and he and I,



you, and he, and I, and all of us, *Sumus*. But then to the Learned



say we a--gain, 'if Life's a Smoak as they maintain: If Life's a Vapour,



without doubt, when a Man does dye, they should not cry, That his Glafs is run, but, His



Pipe is out. But whether we smoak, or whether we sing, let's be Loyal and re-



member the King; let him live, and let his Foes va-nish, thus, thus, thus,



like, like a Pipe, like a Pipe of *Spanish*, thus, thus, like a Pipe of *Spanish*.

A. 3 Voc.

[Upon *small Beer*.]

Dr. Hen. Aldridge:



I F all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here, to club strongly in be-
:S:



half of *Small Beer*, *Small Beer*, in behalf of hey diddle, ho diddle, hey *Small Beer*; it would



all be too little the Tiff to exalt, and to make out in Metre what it wants in Malt: The



French call it *Little Beer*, and we call it *Small*, and we call, we call it *Small*, and some sort of



people ne-ver call for't at all: But I wish all those once, at least for their warning,



Strong over night, much *Strong* o-ver night, and no, no *Small* the next morning.

[*A Catch upon NOTHING.*]

Dr. Henry Aldridge.



Sing mer-ri-ly now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you, but came by the



Wheel of Fortane, without a--ny de--sign or intent you; it happen'd that once the Au-



thor his Head was ex-ceeding hot, a Catch he resolv'd he would make, he would



make, and he cou'd--n't tell of what: He thought of the Smoak the Weed affords, and it



vanish'd all a-way; he thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and yet he found



nothing to say. He thought of a thousand Pound, but it wou'd-n't turn to account: He



thought of the Pot, and he thought of the Plot, but nothing would come on't. At last he re-



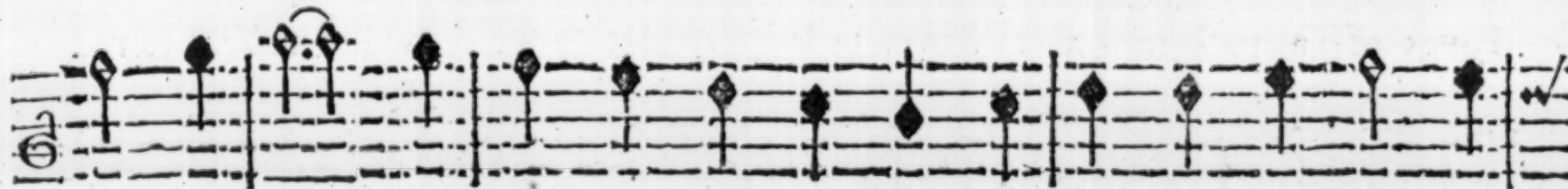
solv'd, tho' nothing would do, that nothing should put him by Sir, but



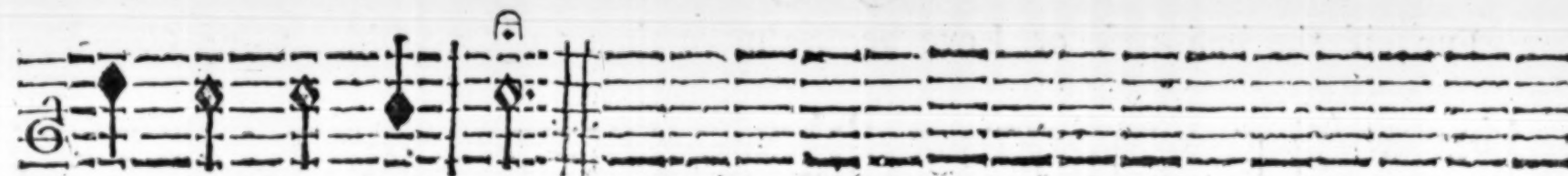
no-thing to pur-pose of Nothing he'd write, and no bo-dy should be the



wi--fer. 'Tis no--thing to you if he would do so, and if Nothing's •



in't you find; then thank him for Nothing, and that will be more than



e---ver he de---sign'd.

A. 3 Voc.

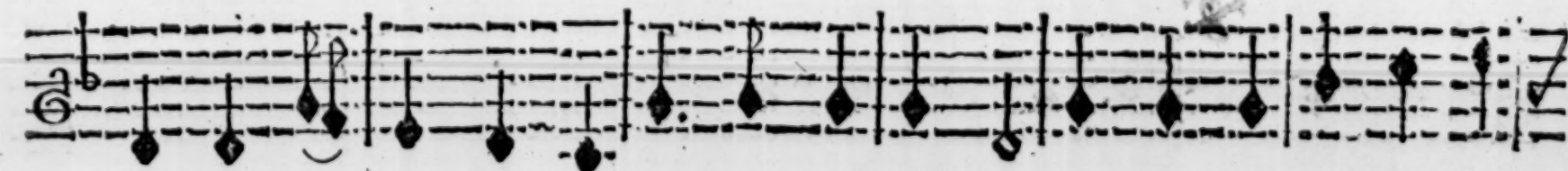
[*An Irish Catch.*]



P *A-trick* and *Peg---gy* were play--ing a---lone, quoth *Pa-trick* to
:S:



Peg---gy, Oh hone, Oh hone; thy Bel---ly gangs up a--main, blefs our sweet



Ba-by, and weez have a pret--ty one if it may be: Sing Lul-la-by,



Lul-la-by, dan-dle the Lad, if thouz be the Mammy on't, Ize be the Dad on't.



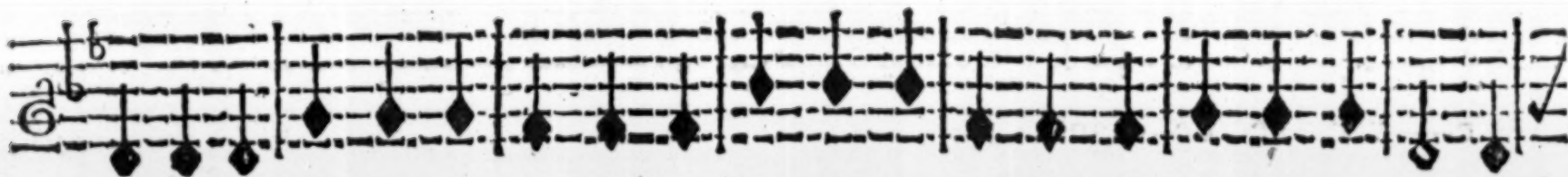
YE Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each o--ther, who best feel the



Pangs of a pas--sio--nate Lover ; I ap--peal to your scratches and tat-te-red
:S:



Fur, if the busi--ness of Love be no more than to pur. Old La--dy Grim-



malkin, with Goosberry Eyes, when a Kitten knew something for why she was wise ; you



find by experience the Love-fit's soon o're, Pufs, Pufs, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore.



Men ride many Miles, Cats tread many Tiles, both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the



fray ; on---ly Cats, if they fall from a House or a Wall, keep their



Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails and away.

A. 3 Voc.

[In Praise of White-wine.]

Mr. John Reading.



LET chrystal White-wine cheer the drow-zy Mind, 'tis Cla--ret on--ly



leaves a stain be--hind; in the use of which, we do *Bacchus* disgrace, we



make the God mor--tal by pain--ting his face: He's not like a God, whose



I--mage is red; o're Night his Cheeks blush, in the Morning they're dead.

A. 3 Voc.

[In praise of Claret.]

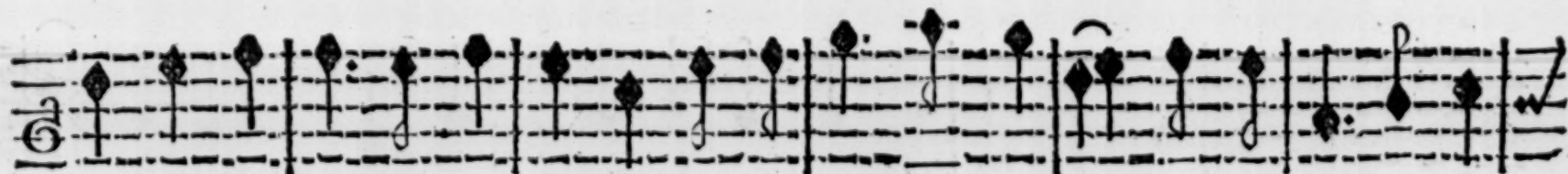
Mr. John Reading.



A Hoghead was offer'd to *Bacchus* his Shrine, the God was of--fen--ded be--



cause 'twas White-wine; then curs'd in a passion, Damn't, rot it, and mar it, did' it ever know.



Bacchus drink other than Claret; So the jol--ly red God having empty'd the



White-wine, return'd the poor Vot'--ry the Hoghead to shite in.

A. 4 Voc.

[A Catch on the Crab.]

Mr. Mich. Wije.



THE Crab of the Wood is sauce ve-ry good, for the Crab of the foaming



Sea ; and the Wood of the Crab is good for the Drab, that will not her Husband o---bey.

A. 4 Voc.

[Touch and go.]

Mr. Symon Ives.



C Ome, come pret-ty Wenches, more nimbler than Eels, and buy my fine Boxes, my



Stones, and my Steels; let me touch but your Tinder, and you would ad-



mire, how quickly my Steel and my Stones will give fire ; touch and go, touch and



go : They are as good Met-tle as e're came in Box, to fire all your



Tinder with two or three knocks ; take my Steel in your hand Wench, and try but a



blow, y' faith I dare warrant 'tis true touch and go ; touch and go, touch and go.



Y Ou may talk of brisk Claret, sing Prai--ses of Sherry, speak well of Old



Hock, Mum, Si--der, and Per--ry, but you must drink *Punch* if you mean to be
:S:



mer--ry: A Boul of this Li--quor the Gods be--ing all at, thought good we should



know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours and their High-nef-fes



Pallat. Then thanks to the Gods, those Tiplers above us, they've taught us to love, and



therefore they love us, and to drink ve--ry hard is all they crave of us.



I Lay with an old Man all the night, I turn'd to him, and he to me;

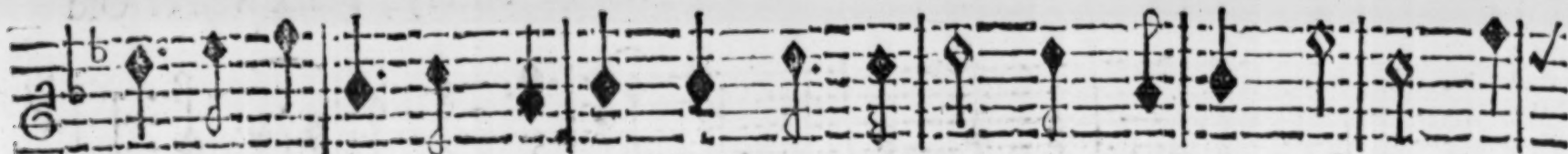


he could not do so well as he should, but he would fain, but it would not be.

52



OLD *Charon* thus preach'd to his Pu--pil *A--chil--les*, I'll tell you, I'll tell you young



Gentleman what the Fate's will is: You my Boy, you my Boy, must go, must



go, the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of *Troy*; thence never to return, thence



never to return, never to return, never to return to *Greece* again, but before those



Walls to be slain, but before those Walls to be slain, before those Walls, those Walls to be slain.



Let not your noble Courage be cast down, let not your noble Courage be cast down,



let not your noble Courage, let not your noble Courage be cast down, but all the while you



I lie before the Town drink, all the while drink, all the while you lie before the Town



drink, and drive Care a-way, drink and be merry, you'll ne'er go the sooner, you'll



ne'er go the sooner, you'll ne'er go the sooner to the *Stry--gian Fer--ry*.



OLD Charon thus preach'd to his Pu---pil A--chil--les, I'll tell you young



Gentleman what the Fate's will is: You my Boy, you my Boy, must go, must



go, the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of Troy; thence ne-ver to return, thence



never to return, never to re-turn to Greece again, but before those Walls to be



slain, but before those Walls to be slain, before those Walls to be slain.



Let not your noble Courage be cast down, let not your noble Courage be cast down,



let not your noble Courage be cast down, let not your noble Courage be cast down,



but all the while you lye before the Town drink, all the while drink, all the while you



lye before the Town drink, and drive Care away, drink and be merry, you'll ne're go the



sooner, the sooner, you'll ne're go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Loyal Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell

53



Come my Hearts, play your parts with your Quarts, see none starts, for the King's
:S:



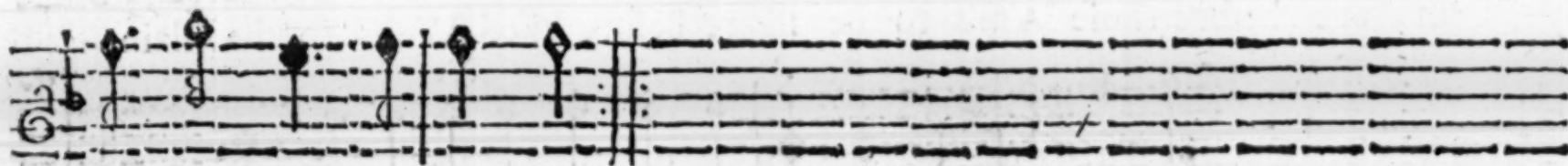
Health is a drinking; then to his Highness see, see there Wine is, that has



past the Test a--bove the rest, for those Healths deserve the best. They that



shrink for their Chink, from their Drink, we will think, we will think, that of



Treasons they are thinking.

A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Roffey.

54



Come lay by your Cares, and hang up all Sorrow, drink on, he's a Sot that e're
:S:



thinks on to morrow; great store of brisk Claret supplies ev'-ry thing, and the



Man that is drunk is as great as a King: Let none at Misfortunes and Losses re-



pine, but take a full Dose of the Juice of the Vine; Dis-ea-ses and Troubles are



ne're to be found, but in the damn'd place where the Glas goes not round.

A. 4 Voc.

[The Marriage Catch.]

Mr. John Roffey.



HOW hap-py a thing were a Wedding, and a Bedding, if a Man cou'd



purchase a Wife for a Twelve-month and a day; but to live with her all a Man's life, for



e--ver and aye, 'till she grows quite as gray as a Cat, I thank you for that, good



faith Master Parson, I thank you, I thank you for that.

56 A. 3. Voc.

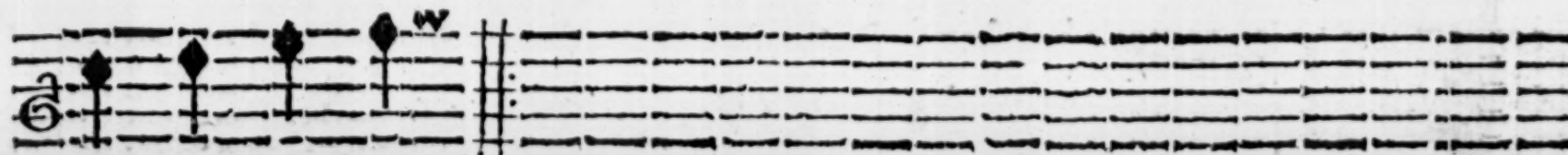
[A Round.]

:S:

Mr. Locke.



UP and down this World goes, down, down this World goes, up and down, up and



down the World goes.

A. 2 Voc.

[The Oath to be taken at Dunmow in Essex,
on the demand of a Flitch of Bacon.]

Mr. John Hilton.



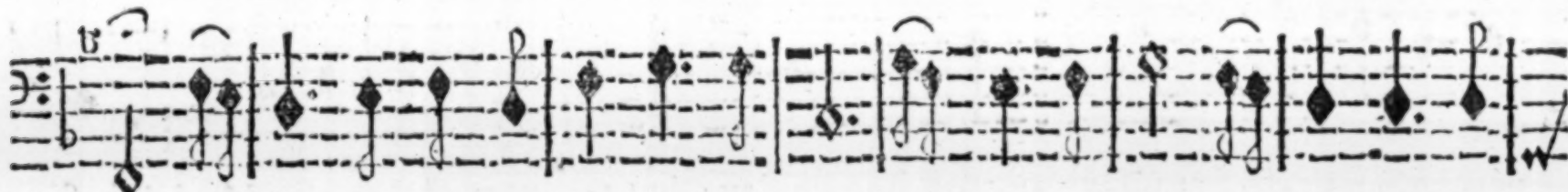
YOU shall swear by the custom of Confession, if ever you made Nuptial Trans-



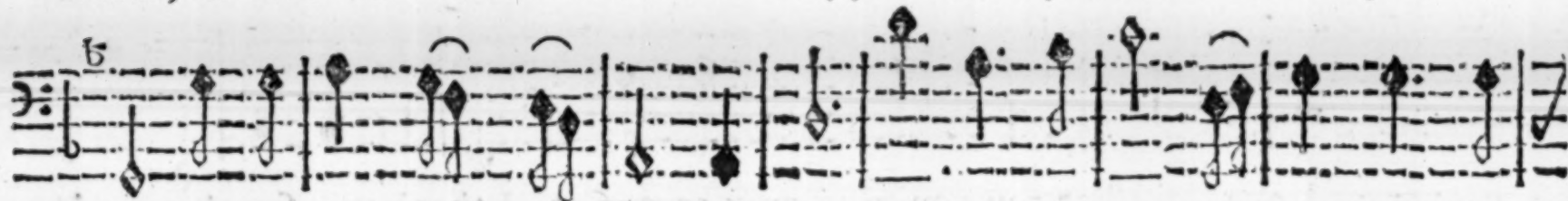
gression; be you either marry'd Man or Wife, by Household Brawls, or Contentious



Strife; or otherwise at Bed or at Board, of-fen-ded one a--no-ther in Deed, or in



Word; or since the Parish-Clerk said *Amen*, you wish'd your selves unmarried a--



gen; or in twelve Months time and a day, re-pen-ted not in Thought a--ny



way, but con-ti-nu-ed true and just in Desire, as when you joyn'd Hands in holy Quire.

Chorus, 2 Voc.



IF to these Con-di-tions without all fear, of your own ac-cord you will



IF to these Con-di-tions without all fear, of your own ac-cord you will



free—ly swear; a whole Gam—mon of Ba—con you shall re—ceive, and bear it



free—ly swear; a whole Gam—mon of Ba—con you shall re—ceive, and bear it



thence with Love and good leave: For this is our cu—stom in Dun—mow well



thence with Love and good leave: For this is our cu—stom in Dun—mow well



known; tho' the Plea—sures are ours, yet the Ba—con's your own.



known; tho' the Plea—sures are ours, yet the Ba—con's your own.

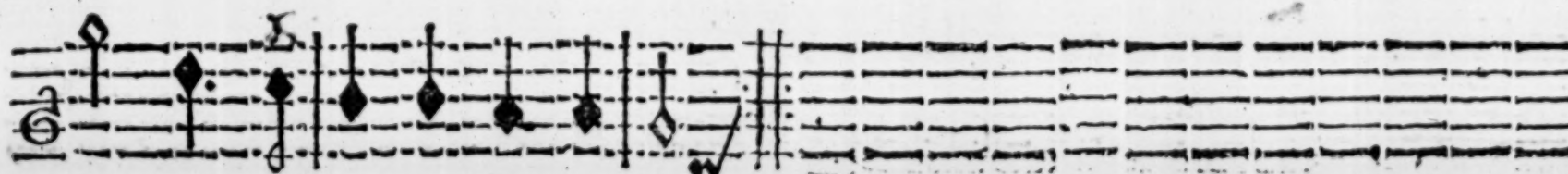
A. 4 Voc.

:S: [A Catch.]

58



T He Hart he loves the high Wood, the Hare he loves the Hill; the Knight he loves his



bright Sword, the La—dy loves her will.

A. 2 Voc.

[CANTUS.]

Mr. Tho. Tudwa



FILL the Boul, 'tis a Health to our Friends at *Vienn*; fill the Boul,



'tis a Health to our Friends at *Vienn*; he that leaves but one



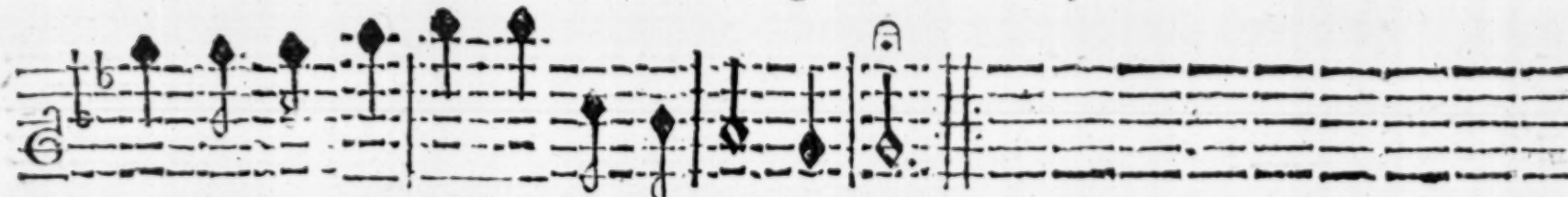
drop, he shall drink it a--gain. To *Staremburgh's* Health we will spring a new



Myne, and each lu---sty Bar---rel shall be fill'd with brisk Wine; but



when we re---mem---ber the King of the *Poles*, we then wish our tall



Steeple, our tall Steeples, were the drinking Boulds.

A. 3 Voc.

[A Musical Catch.]

Mr. Matth. Locke.



UT La, Ut Fa Me, Fa Re La, Fa Re La, Fa Re La, Money; Fa Re La,



Fa Re La, Fa Re La, Money. Ut La, Ut, &c.

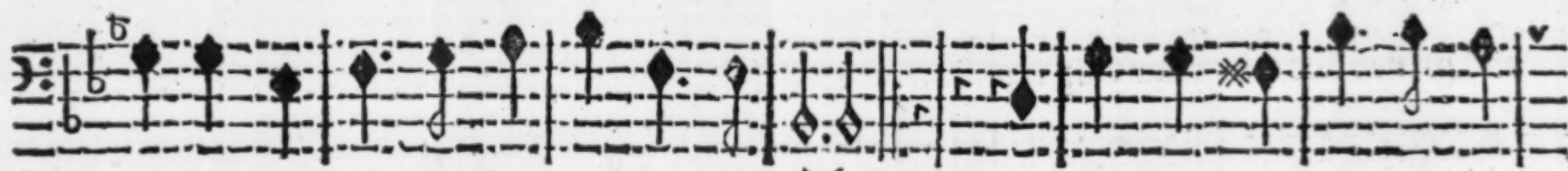
59



FILL the Boul, 'tis a Health to our Friends at *Vi--enn*; fill the



Boul, 'tis a Health to our Friends at *Vi--enn*; he that leaves but one drop, that



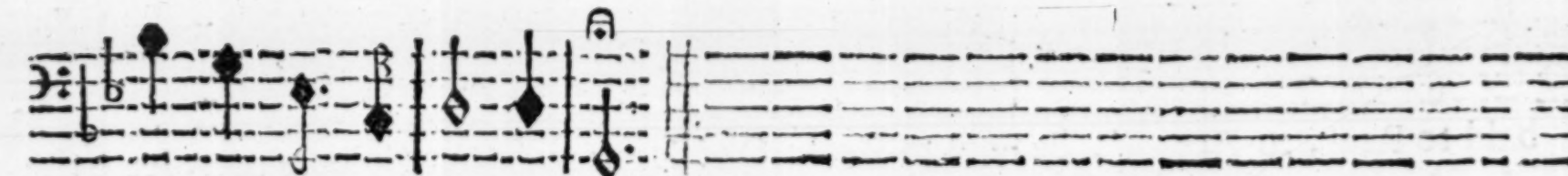
leaves but one drop, he shall drink it a--gain. To *Staremburgh's* Health we will



spring a new Myne, and each lu--sty Bar--rel shall be fill'd with brisk Wine; but



when we re--mem--ber the King of the *Poles*, we then with our tall



Steeple were the drinking Boulds.

61

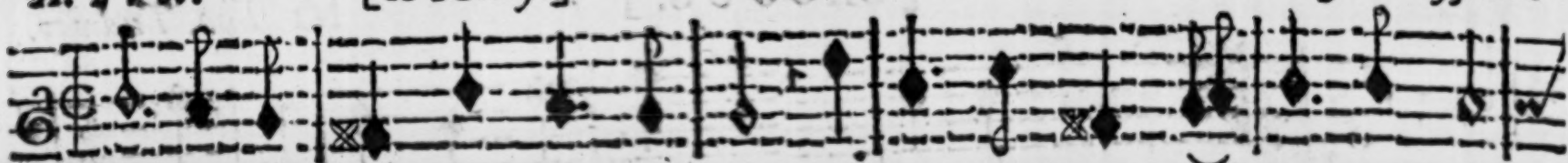


MArry hem think'ft thou liggeth here, eyn *Jamey*, eyn *Jamey*, the good Pyper; hem



Jamey the yonker, fay, fay, fay, fay, hem than *Jamey* the el--der, eay, eay.

62



WE live in Woods, we live in Groves, we scorn all Thoughts but of our Loves;



we Lau—gh and Qua—ff, 'till Cocks do crow, and grieve but when our Cups run low,



and grieve but when our Cups run low. Red is our Noses, red is our Noses, rich is our



Fa—ces, rich is our Fa—ces, free Mettle all, free Mettle all, but of no pace. We cannot



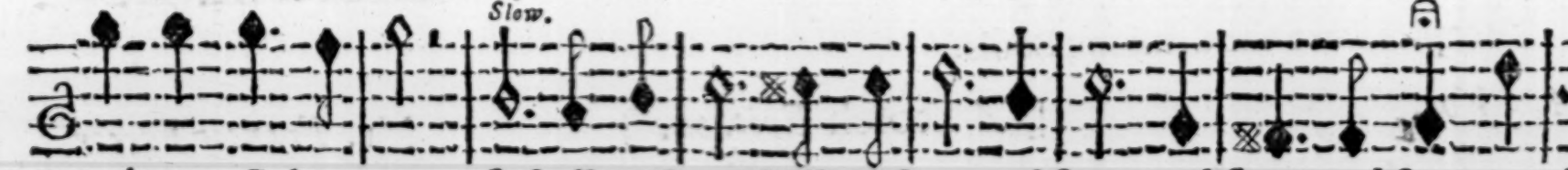
Card, we cannot Spin, we cannot Spin, But we can drink, but we can drink all out, all



out, all out, all out that's in. We have no Art to turn the Wheel, but yet we dare be



bold to Reel, to Ree—l, be bold to Reel. Oh! let us make our Colours roar, let us



make our Colours roar, so shall we sleep, shall we sleep, and snort, and snort, and snore; and



ne—ver be drunk, and ne—ver be drunk a—ny more; and ne—ver be, ne—ver be

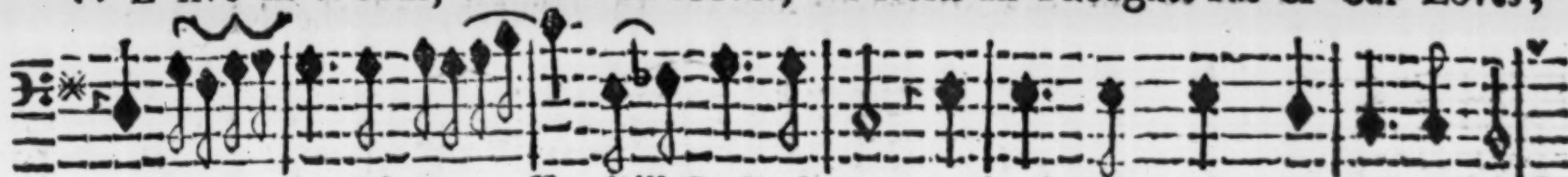


ne—ver be drunk a—ny more.

62



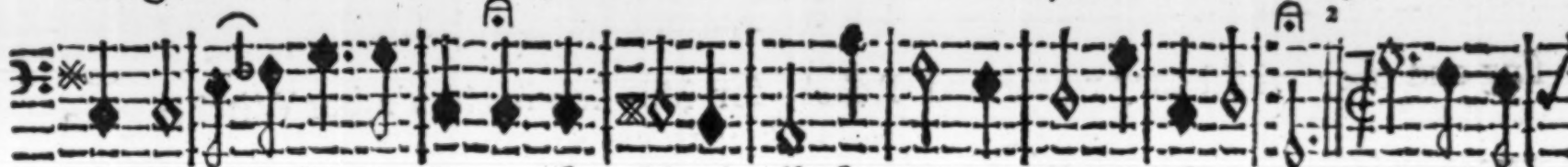
WE live in Woods, we live in Groves, we scorn all Thoughts but of our Loves;



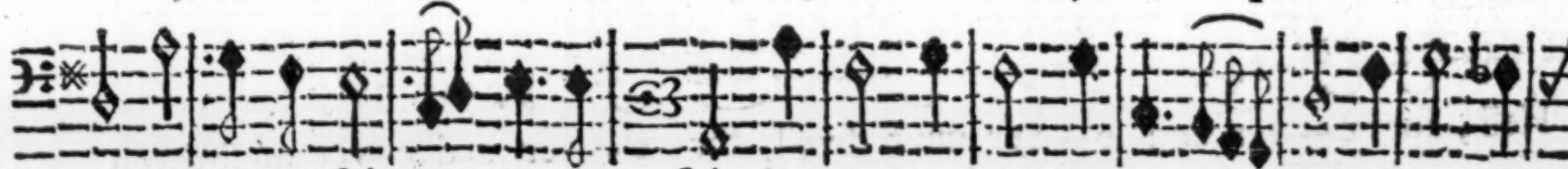
we Lau--gh and Qua--ff, 'till Cocks do crow, and grieve but when our Cups run low,



and grieve but when our Cups run low. Red is our Noses, red is our Noses, rich is our



Faces, rich is our Faces, free Mettle all, free Mettle all, but of no pace. We cannot



Card, we cannot spin, we cannot spin, but we can drink, but we can drink all out, all



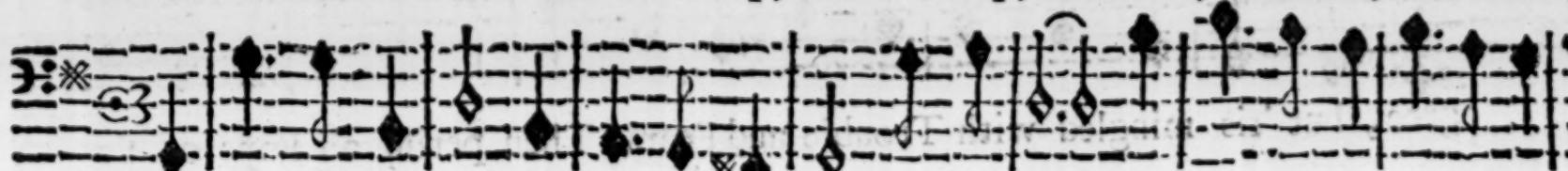
out, all out, all out that's in. We have no Art to turn the Wheel, but yet we dare be



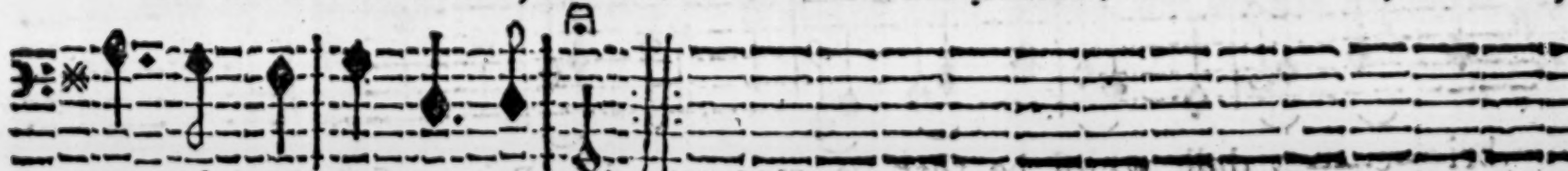
bold to Reel, to Ree--l, be bold to Reel. Oh! let us make our Colours roar, let us



make our Colours roar, so shall we sleep, shall we sleep, and snort, and snort, and snore;



and ne--ver be drunk, and ne-ver be drunk a--ny more; and ne--ver be, never be,



ne--ver be drunk a--ny more.

A. 2 Voc.

[A Glee.]

CANTUS.

Dr. John Blow.



LET us drink to all the well-wil-lers of the Church, and the King---ly



State, while the Good Old Cause ful-fil-lers are drunk with Ma-lice and Hate; let us



sing and obey whilst they whine and Rebel, for Mu-sic's in Heav'n, but Witchcraft in



Hell, for e---ver and e---ver must dwell, for e---ver and e-ver must dwell.

A. 2 Voc.

[A Glee.]

CANTUS.

Mr. Matth. Locke.



A Way with the Cau-ses of Rich---es and Cares, that eats up our



Spi---rits, and shortens our Years; no Pleasure can be in State or De-
:S:



gree, but 'tis mingled with Trouble and Fears: Then perish all Fops of So-



bri---e---ty dull, whilst he that is mer-ry reigns Prince of the World.

A. 2 Voc.

[A Glee.]

BASSUS.

Dr. John Blow.



LET us drink to all the well-wil--lers of the Church, and the King-ly



State, while the ~~Good~~ Old Cause ful--fil--lers are drunk with Malice and Hate; let us



sing and o--bey, whilst they whine and Re--bel, for Mu--sic's in Heav'n, but



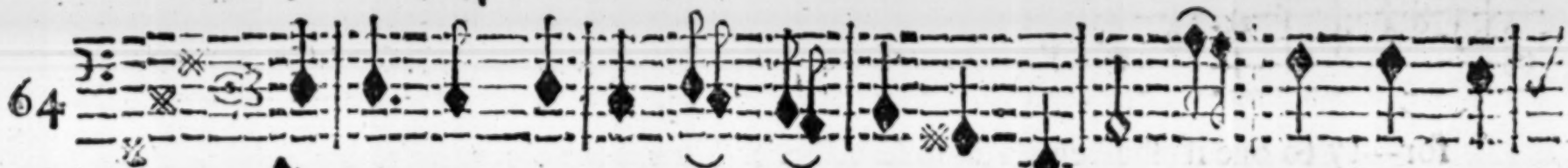
Witchcraft in Hell, for e--ver and e--ver must dwell, for e--ver and e--ver must dwell.

A. 2 Voc.

[A Glee.]

BASSUS.

Mr. Matth. Locke.



A Way with the Cau--ses of Rich--es and Cares, that eats up our



Spi--rits, and shortens our Years; no Plea--sure can be in State or De--



gree, but 'tis mingled with Troubles and Fears: Then pe--rish all Fops of So--



bri--e--ty dull, whilst he that is mer--ry reigns Prince of the World.

A. 2 Voc.

[Adieu to a Mistress.]

CANTUS.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Come lay by all Care, e'ne let her go, fill up the Glafs 'till it o———ver-



flow; if the Drawer prove right, no Mi—stres like Wine, she'l charm all your Senses, and



Fancies refine: To humour a Creature will change like the Moon, sometimes she'l be



kind, then dogged as soon. Prethee leave off! we'l mind her no more, and 'tis



for—ty to one if she ben't a damn'd Whore. *Then drink about freely, then drink a—bout*



free—ly whilst now in your pow'r, whilst now, now in your pow'r; then drink a—bout freely, then



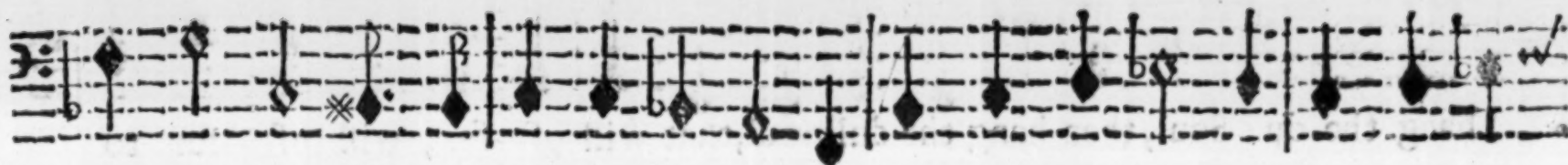
drink, then drink, drink about, drink a—bout free—ly, whilst now in your pow'r, ne're



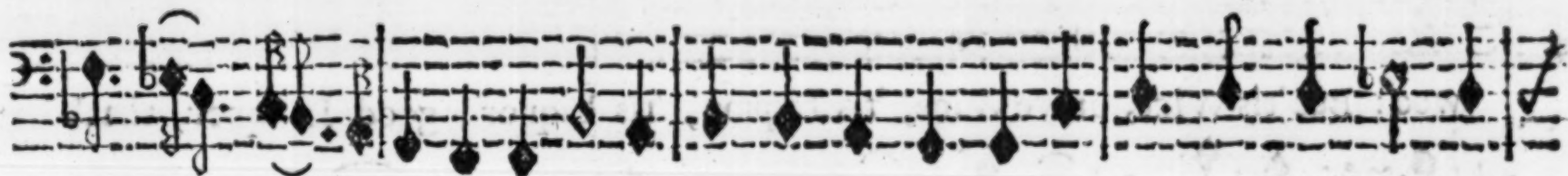
lose the great Blessing, ne're lose the great Blessing of this hap—py hour.



Come lay by all Care, e'ne let her go, fill up the Glafs 'till it



o--ver--flow; if the Drawer prove right, no Mistress like Wine, she'l charm all your



Sen--ses, and Fan--cies refine: To humour a Creature will change like the Moon, some-



times she'l be kind, then dogged as soon; prethee leave off! we'l mind her no more, and 'tis



for-ty to one if she ben't a damn'd Whore. Then drink a-bout freely, then drink a-bout



free-ly, whilst now in your pow'r, whilst now in your pow'r; then drink about free-ly, then



drink a-bout free-ly, then drink, drink about, drink a-bout free-ly, whilst now in your



pow'r, ne're lose the great Blessing, ne're lose the great Blessing of this hap-py hour.

68



T Ho' my Mi-strefs be fair, yet froward, yet fro-ward she's too; then



hang the dull Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will of-fer, will of-fer to



woo: But 'tis Wine, brave Wine, 'tis Liquor, 'tis Liquor, good Li-quer, that's



much more sublime, much bris-ker and quicker, much, much, much bris-ker and



quicker; it in spar-kles smiles on me, 'tho she frown up-on me: Then with



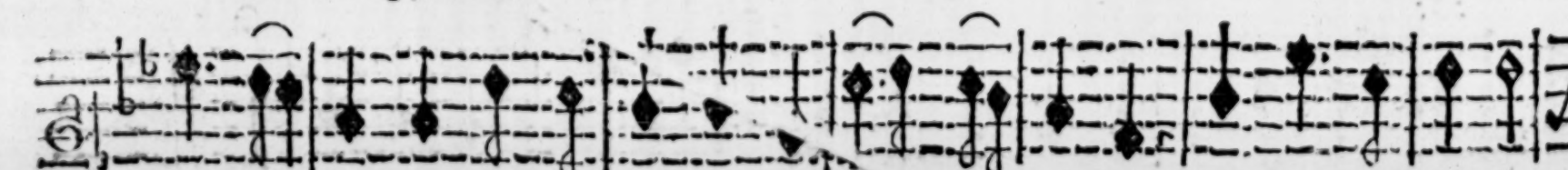
laugh—ing and quaffing I'll Time and Age beguile, owe my



Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and Wrin-kles to my Drink and a Smile.



Come fill up, come fill up my Glafs, and a-pox on her Face; may it never want



Scars and Scratches, may it ne-ver want Scars and Scratches, wash Paint and Patches:



Give me all my drink-ing Ma-ga-zine, I'll blo—w up the scornful



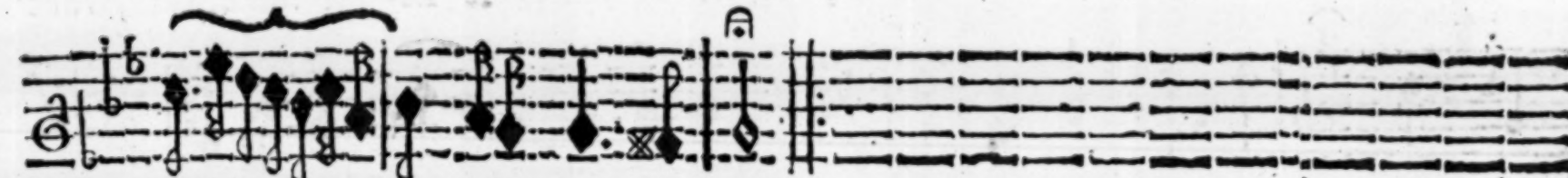
Queen; give me Bot-tles and Jugs, the Glas-ses and Mugs, I'll hug 'em, and



tug 'em, I'll hug 'em, and tug 'em, and Court 'em much more, than e're I



did the pee—vish Girl before, than e're I did, than e're I did the



pee—vish Girl before.

A. 2 Voc.

[BASS V S.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



T Ho' my Mistress be fair, yet fro—ward she's too; then



hang the dull Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will of-fer to woo: But 'tis



Wine, brave Wine, 'tis Liquor, good Liquor, that's much more sublime, much brisker and



quicker, much, much, much brisker and quicker; it in sparkles smiles on me, tho'



the frown upon me: Then with laugh—ing and quaffing I'll



Time and Age beguile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and



Wrinkles to my Drink and a Smile. Come fill up my Glass, come fill up my



Glass, and a—pox on her Face; may it ne—ver, may it ne—ver want Scars, want



Scars and Scratches, wash Paint and Patches: Give me all my drink—ing Magazine,



give me all, I'll blo—w up the scornful Quean; give me Bottles and



Jugs, the Glasses and Mugs, I'll hug 'em, I'll hug 'em, and tug 'em, and



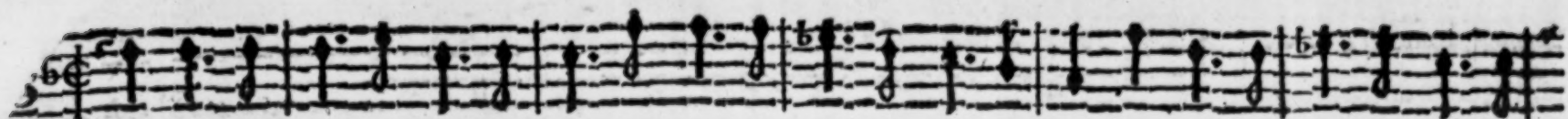
Court 'em much more, than e're I did the pee—vish Girl before, than e're I



did the pee—vish Girl before.

[For the 29th of May.]

ALTUS.



A Wake my Muse without delay, awake my ever tuneful Lute; to sing the Glories of his



day, in your most soft and kind dispute: This Rising-Sun gave *Charles* his Birth, together



rose the Sun and he; The mighty Sun to rule the Earth, and mighty *Charles* to rule the Sea.

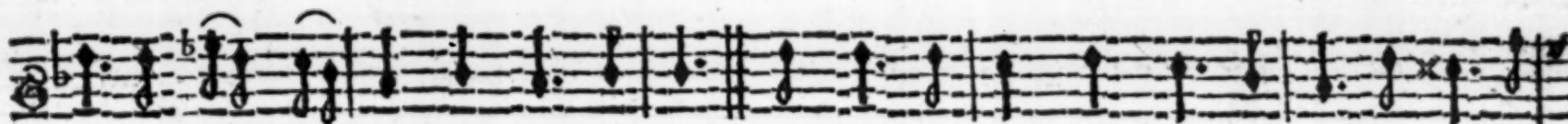
A. 3 Voc.

[For the 29th of May.]

MEDIVS.



A Wake my Muse without delay, awake my ever tuneful Lute; to sing the Glories of his



day, in your most soft and kind dispute: This Rising-Sun gave *Charles* his Birth, together



rose the Sun and he; The mighty Sun to rule the Earth, and mighty *Charles* to rule the Sea.

A. 3 Voc.

[For the 29th of May.]

BASSUS.



A Wake my Muse without delay, awake my ever tuneful Lute; to sing the Glories of his



day, in your most soft and kind dispute: This Rising-Sun gave *Charles* his Birth, together



rose the Sun and he; The mighty Sun to rule the Earth, and mighty *Charles* to rule the Sea.

A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

CANTUS.

Mr. William Pizing.



: Come follow, follow, come fol--low me, with Mirth and merry Glee ; and



there we shall be merry, the Rose, the Rose, the Rose, the Rose go we. Now



un--der the Rose be it spoke, Dick, hast a--ny Money? Then Jack must pawn his



Cloak. Then drink and be merry, be mer--ry, and leave off this Talk, what



tho' we have no Money, Jack's Cloak, Jack's Cloak, Jack's Cloak, is bet--ter than Chalk.

A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

MEDIVS.

Mr. William Pizing.



Come follow, come fol--low me, follow, follow, follow me, with



Mirth and merry Glee ; and we will to Will Terry's, the Rose, the Rose, the Rose go we.



Now un--der the Rose be it spoke, Tom nat. a Pe--ny, then Jack must pawn his



Cloak. Then drink and be mer--ry, and leave off this Talk, what tho' we have no



Money, *Jack's* Cloak, *Jack's* Cloak, *Jack's* Cloak, is bet--ter than Chalk.

A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

BASS V S.

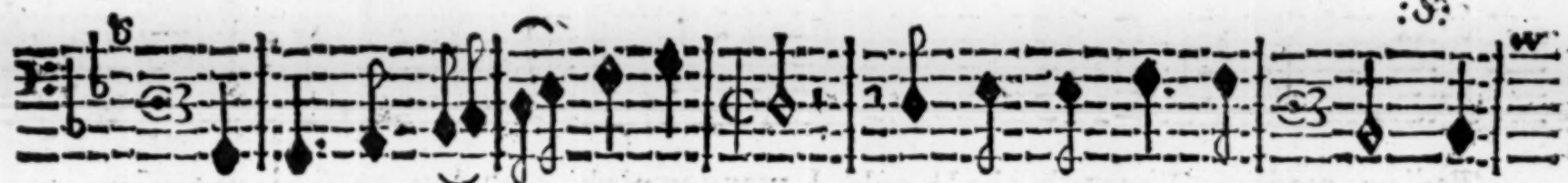
Mr. William Pixing.



Come follow, follow, come follow me, follow, follow me, with Mirth and merry Glee; and



we will to *Will. Terry's*, and there we shall be merry, the *Rose*, the *Rose* go we.



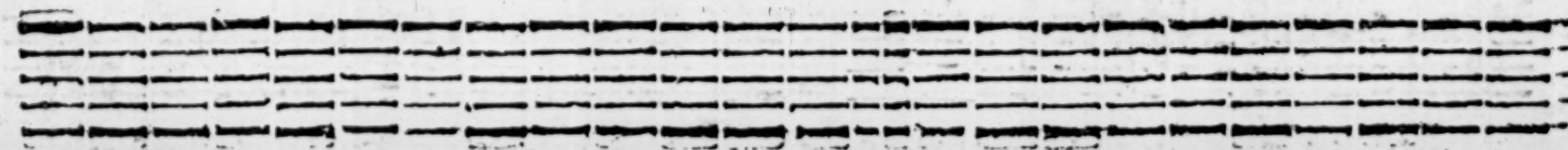
Now un--der the *Rose* be it spoke, then *Jack* must pawn his Cloak. Then



drink and be mer--ry, be merry, and leave off this Talk, what tho' we have no



Money, *Jack's* Cloak, *Jack's* Cloak, *Jack's* Cloak, is bet--ter than Chalk.



For a Bass alone.

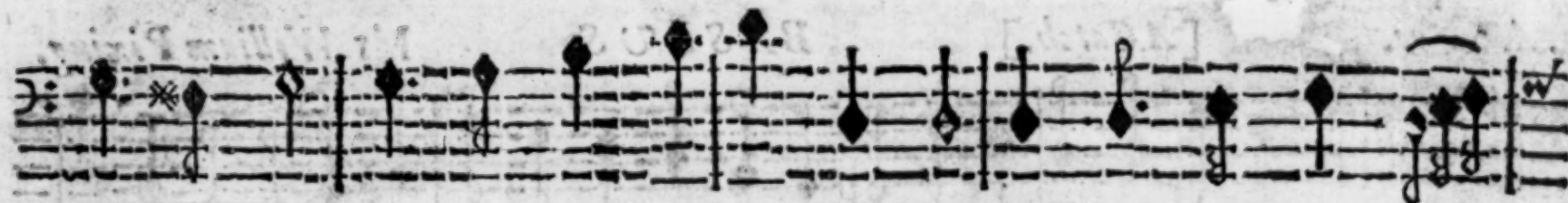
[Tom of Bedlam.]



Forth from the dark and dismal Cell, or from the deep abyss of Hell;



mad Tom is come to view the World again, to see if he can cure his di-



stemper'd Brain: Fears and Cares oppress my Soul, hark how the angry



Furies howl; Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad, to see poor angry Tom of



Bedlam mad. Through the World I wander night and day to find my stragling



Senses, in an angry mood I met old Time, with his Pentateuch of



Tenses; when me he spies, away he flies, for Time will stay for no man; in



vain with Cries, I rend the Skies, for Pity is not common. Cold and comfort-



less I lye, Help, help, oh help! or else I dye!

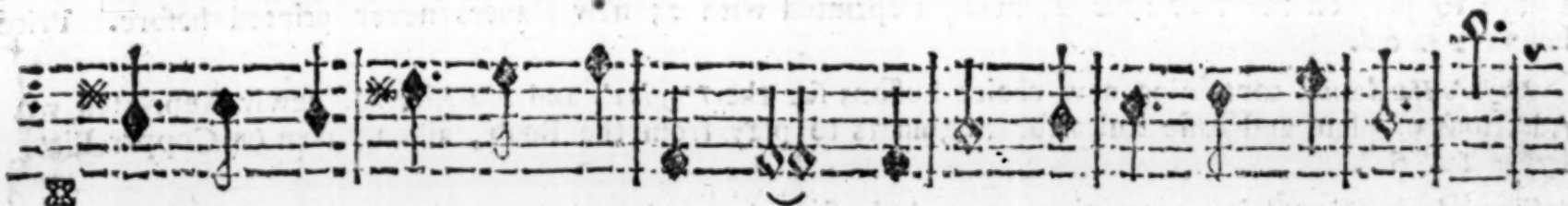
Hark, I hear *A-pol-lo's*



Team, the Carman 'gins to whistle; Chast *Di-a-na* bends her Bow, and the



Boar be--gins to bri--stle. Come *Vul-can* with Tools and with Tackles, to



knock off my trou--ble--som Shackles; bid *Charles* make rea-dy his Wain, to



bring me my Sen--ses a---gain.

This Song was printed in the First Book of Choice Ayres, the Impression of which is all sold off, and this Song I am often enquired after, which caused me to reprint it in this place.

II.

Last night I heard the Dog-Star bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the the dark;
 Lymping *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
 And furiously made at the great God of War.
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
 Lymping *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.
Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven
 Stood still to see the Quarrel;
 Correl-ho *acchus*, Gyant-like,
 Barre!

To me he drank, I did him thank,
 But I could drink no Sider;
 He drank whole Buts 'till he burst his Guts,
 But mine was ne're the wider.
 Poor *Tom* is very dry,
 A little Drink for Charity.
 Hark! I hear *Acteon's* Hounds,
 The Huntsman hoops and hallows;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the Chase doth follow.
 The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
 Eats Powder'd-Beef, Turnep, and Carret;
 But a Cup of Malago Sack
 Will fire the Bush at his back.

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